



The first group of Fatherless Children sent for the
Cholera Orphan Nursery, Beckenham, Kent.

Death and Life;

A

RECORD OF THE CHOLERA WARDS IN THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"MEMORIALS OF CAPTAIN HEDLEY VICARS,"
"ENGLISH HEARTS AND ENGLISH HANDS,"

ETC.



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LIFE THROUGH DEATH.

“ A dewdrop falling on the wild sea-wave
Exclaimed, in fear, ‘ I perish in this grave !’
But in a shell received, this drop of dew
Into a pearl of marvellous beauty grew ;
And happy now, the grace did magnify
That thrust it forth, as it had feared, to die.

Till once again, ‘ I perish quite,’ it said,
Torn by rude diver from its ocean-bed ;
Oh, unbelieving ! so it came to gleam
Chief jewel in a monarch’s diadem.”

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

RRR 20 Sept 77 Victoria 5.00

DEATH AND LIFE,

&c.

THE shadow of death fell darkly on the sufferers in the cholera wards of the London Hospital in the month of July. Strangely mingled there were babes with white, shrunken faces, and fixed, upraised eyes, amidst strong men over whom the terrible disease was spreading blackness like a pall. Wives were in one ward, trembling between life and death, whose

husbands lay dying in another ward.

Yet neither the agonies of cholera, nor the deeper anguish of the heart, wrung from them a single complaint. The only exceptions to this rule of patient endurance were to be found in a case here and there, where extremity of suffering had brought on a degree of delirium. That hospital was like a battle-field, strewn with the wounded and the dying, where the youngest soldier, equally with the oldest, was "a hero in the fight."

True, indeed, nothing that hu-



A dying bed in one of the Cholera Wards of the
London Hospital.

man forethought, skill, and kindness, could supply, was wanting there. The Chaplain, comforting and cheering the sufferers, beloved by every creature under his care, nobly devoted himself to his duties, even beyond his strength. Several of the Clergy, in whose parishes cholera was raging, came in, worn with their own work, to tender their aid in the Hospital also. The Scripture-readers, too, were faithfully and earnestly giving themselves to their appointed labours. The kind and skilful medical officers, the admirable matrons, the

ordinary and extra staff of excellent nurses, and the devoted volunteer lady-nurses,* with relatives of the sick, and ladies and gentlemen, amongst whom the members of the Hospital Committee were conspicuous, alike sought to relieve the suffering or to soothe and cheer the minds of the patients.

One gentleman came early in the morning to bring large and beautiful bouquets, in order that

* Some of these were mothers of families, whose children were provided for with friends, on the emergency, or were at school.

each patient should have a flower to refresh his weary eyes.

“Take care of my flower, nurse,” said one sick lad, “till I am free of my pain. Never let me lose it !”

Flower-sellers in Covent Garden sent gay nosegays with a loving will; and cabmen and workmen vied with each other in confiding contributions for the relief of the sufferers, sent by the hand of a friend, who afterwards became a volunteer-nurse. And a poor man spent two shillings a-week on the purchase of cottage garden flowers, one of which he left on each pillow

with the words, "Trust in Jesus." Sympathy lavished its resources from every side.

But sympathy, courage, and devotion, could do little to assuage suffering, or to stay the hand of the destroying angel.

"One thing beyond all others strikes me here," said a young lady-nurse — a member of the Society of Friends, "and that is that none should leave it to a last illness to seek peace with God, for it is as much as they can bear then TO HAVE TO DIE. That is such hard and absorbing work."

Still, I believe that that Hospital was the gate of heaven to many a soul. Eyes, over which the film of death had begun to spread, brightened for the moment at the sound of the Saviour's name.

One young woman lay at the point of death. "She is past hearing or knowing anything now, poor soul!" said a nurse, as we watched together the dark shade spreading down that beautiful face.

"Let me try for a moment," and bending down close to her ear, I repeated the first two verses of a long-loved hymn,—

"Jesu, Refuge of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 Whilst the nearer waters roll,
 Whilst the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of Life is past;
 Safe into the Haven guide,
 Oh, receive my soul at last.

"Other Refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
 Leave, ah leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring,
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing."

As these words were repeated,
 slowly and calmly, hands, which
 none had expected would move

again, were clasped together. Then she made sign for prayer, and as if a fresh grant of life came with it, her lips opened to say, "JESUS IS MINE."

A little child, with golden hair floating over his pillow, was singing himself to a sleep, from which the only awakening would be on the Resurrection morning. His mother sat by his side, soothed in her sorrow as if through the opening gate of heaven she had caught the song of the redeemed. The last words she heard from those dying lips, were,—

“I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me,
That on the Cross He shed His blood
That I might happy be.”

In another ward, where I was speaking to a dying man, a little child in the next bed raised himself up and said,—

“I know Him.”

“Do you mean, dear child, that you know *this* man?”

“No, no!” he answered. “I know the Man you’re speaking about—JESUS. He’s a very good Man. And He’s our God, too; and can take care of us. I can

sing you a little hymn about Him,—

“ ‘ See Israel’s gentle Shepherd stands,
With all engaging charms ;
Hark ! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.’ ”

As he faintly sang the last words, his little face was convulsed with a spasm of pain, and tears sprang into those smiling eyes, though no cry escaped his lips.

The next morning the “ Gentle Shepherd ” called that “ tender lamb,” and folded him in His arms.”

A young man, named William N., was suffering very severely, though he firmly suppressed all sign of it, his rapidly changing colour alone betraying it.

“You are in great pain, I fear.”

“Pain !” he said ; “ it is pain !”

The next day, the glowing face was reduced to a worn and ashy paleness. By his side stood a young brother, weeping bitterly.

The nurse wisely remonstrated with him,—“You won’t give your poor brother a chance, if you take on so.”

“ Oh, he ’ll die !—he ’ll die !” sobbed the lad ; “ there is no chance for him.”

“ You ’re right,” I said, “ there is no ‘ chance ’ for him—he is in the hand of Almighty God. But the Son of God has said, ‘ If two of you shall agree touching anything on earth, it shall be done unto you of my Father which is in Heaven.’ ”

“ I never heard those words before. Do you think He would keep to them, now ? ”

“ Yes, I am sure He would be as good as His word ; and will

raise your brother up again if He can see it to be best for him. Come, then—if you will be one of those ‘Two,’ I will be the other.”

“No ! would ye ?” and the young face brightened through its tears.

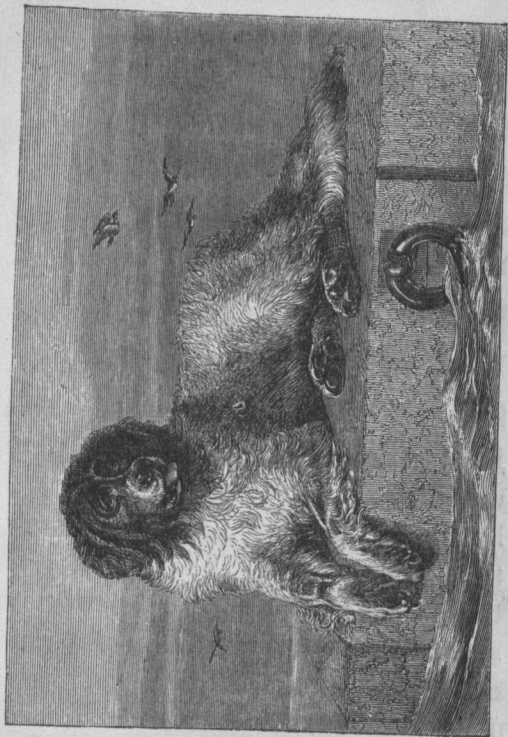
So we pleaded it together, as we stood side by side.

The next day William had a faint colour in his cheeks again. The nurse said he had called for some beef-tea soon after I had left, saying, “We must give the lady’s prayers all the chance we

can, nurse, or it won't be fair upon her." She noticed that he "took heart again from that moment."

On the following Monday he met me in the entrance-hall of the Hospital, accompanied by his wife and that young brother, in great joy and thankfulness for his spared life. Shaking my hand heartily, he said, "We shall never doubt now about God being as good as His word."

Shortly afterwards I received the following letter from his landlord, and not many days after-



The self-taught Artist's drawing, from a picture by Landseer.

wards came a beautiful drawing in pen and ink, copied from one of Landseer's. The journeyman shoemaker, unable to write, is a self-taught artist.

The Landlord's Letter.

"HONOURED MADAM, "August 15.

"A letter from you reached my house this afternoon, addressed to W. N. I am desired by him to reply to your very Christian note, as he cannot write; hence my commission. Your sympathizing note, and the deep interest you take in his present and eternal welfare seemed almost to break him down, and caused him to make hasty resolves, which I hope the great Head of the Church may grant him grace to keep.

“Speaking of your kindness to him when in the Hospital (last Sunday), I referred him to the record that in ancient days the ark of the Lord was taken to the house of Obed-Edom, and the Lord blessed all in the house because thereof; and I told him the Lord God was blessing him because he was living in the house of them that feared God. When your note came to-day, he asked me, did I recollect what I said to him on Sunday, about being blest, which I did, and he thought this was another proof; so you see, madam, if he cannot read, he *can think* and meditate. He says he shall never forget you, and he will attend some place of worship. I told him the best place of worship for him, at *first*, was at the feet of Jesus by faith, there alone he can find peace.

“Your aid came very opportunely, as he has hardly recovered his strength yet. I now give you his and his dear wife’s heartfelt thanks ; he desires not to cease to pray for you, that God may bless you in all your ways. ‘Coming’ is indeed a beautiful poem ; he gets those things read to him, for which he always appears grateful. I may add that I felt very unhappy in taking him to the hospital, not knowing what would spring out of it. But I thought I was in my proper place.

“Having said thus much for Wm. N., for whom my prayer is that he may know the cleansing power of the blood of Christ, permit me to trespass on your attention with a word of the fiery trial I have passed through by God’s help. When I took W. N. to the hospital, I

had a daughter, twenty-three years of age, lying dead of cholera, and another, nineteen years, died the day after I took him. On the following Friday we buried the two in one grave ; this was a heavy stroke, they were my right hands in my daily labour. I had no means to bury my dead out of my sight, but the Lord made my credit good to put them in the place appointed. They were both very loving to each other ; they wished, when in health, to live together, and to die together, and to be buried together. The Lord heard and had respect to their desires. Great is my joy in this deep trial to say they both loved Jesus, and knew also that Jesus loved them, and took them from the evil to come. They were both excellent singers, and anticipated singing

at the Crystal Palace in September next, but they have joined the choir above. Their voices, singing 'the praises of God, used to make my home echo with melody, —all is silent now! We buried them last Friday week, and on the following Tuesday I was taken ill; but by my Heavenly Father's mercy, my unprofitable life has been spared. I hope it is that I may tell some poor sinner of Jesus.

“I think that the trial, heavy as it was, was heavier on my dear wife than on myself; but she has borne it with remarkable Christian fortitude, for which we unite in thanksgiving to Him that loved us and gave Himself for us. Hoping I have not wearied you, I am, yours faithfully, in the gospel of God's grace to the chief of sinners,

“E. B.”

An account received of William N. from the Bible-woman of the district a few weeks later, leads me to hope that he has now given himself up to that Saviour who laid His healing hand upon him that he should live.

One man who was suffering more fearfully than almost any other in the Hospital, stopped the cry which that mortal agony had wrung from him, and looked up with moistened eyes, as he listened to the words, "Jesus pities you. He died in torture on the cross for you. Let Him save

and comfort you now and for ever."

Here and there a verse of a hymn seemed to help them—most of all the one already quoted, "Jesu, Refuge of my soul;" with

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;"

"I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;"

and that Gospel in verse, which has revived so many a fainting heart,—

"Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,—
O Lamb of God, I come!

“Just as I am—and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

“Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yet, all I need in Thee to find—
 O Lamb of God, I come!

“Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because Thy promise I believe—
 O Lamb of God, I come!

“Just as I am—Thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down;
 Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—
 O Lamb of God, I come!”

And to those for whom the
 Name of Jesus was “as ointment
 poured forth,” John Newton’s

hymn, "How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds," fell as music on their ears.

But, as a rule, I could go throughout those Cholera Wards day after day, standing by each dying bed with the standard which Hedley Vicars clasped to his heart, and uplifted before dying eyes in the pestilential wards of a Greek Military Hospital,—“Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world;” varied only with such as these,—“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;” “He that believeth

on the Son of God HATH everlasting life ;” and “The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.”

By the side of a dying woman stood another in deep mourning, looking scarcely less pale and worn, weeping bitterly. After a few words of sympathy had won her confidence, she said,—

“I lost my husband last week, and this is my only sister. But it is not for myself I feel the worst. Rachel says she can’t die in peace, because her father has

never forgiven her. She married a reckless man, against his wishes, seven years ago, and has not lived a happy life since. But she never liked to write to father, so he did not know where she lived. This morning I pledged my shawl" (she stood there without one) "to let him know that Rachel is dying. But she'll not live to get the answer. The nurse don't think she can hold up above an hour or two, and she will die miserable; for she can't think the Lord will forgive her, if her father don't."

“Oh, this is just the thing to go to our God about. He is so very kind in answering prayer.”

Then I briefly told her the story of the young man who had recovered after the promise had been pleaded,—“If two of you agree touching anything on earth, it shall be done unto you of my Father which is in Heaven,” and proposed that she and I should be the two. The dying woman’s eyes told us that she would be a third.

Scarcely was our short prayer over, when two telegrams were brought in.

“Open them,” said the sister.
“My hand trembles too much, and we would rather hear good news from your lips.”

The first was from the father,—

“Tell Rachel I forgive her, and love her and pray for her, and will be with her by ten to-night.”

For a few moments we could only look at Rachel's face, and thank God. Then we opened the second telegram. It was from the clergyman of a town on the eastern coast, where their father was a sailors' missionary,—

“If Rachel is dead, telegraph

to Ipswich to stop your father ; for he has been ill, and the journey may be too much for him."

"Do you think, ma'am, that I ought to stop father's coming on, as Rachel can't be alive by ten o'clock? "

"Oh, Mrs. L., this is just another thing to go to our God for. He is never tired of granting our requests, and when we have received such a blessed answer to prayer, it is not the moment to distrust Him. If Rachel wishes to live on in her sad suffering, to see her father's face again, I do believe

that our Father in heaven would give her leave, and the Lord Jesus would remind Him what it was to Himself to lose the light of a Father's countenance in His own dying hour, and then I feel sure it would be granted to us that she should live till over ten o'clock. And Rachel would believe in a pleading Saviour and a forgiving God."

So again, with three hands clasped together, and three hearts uniting—short, trusting prayer was made.

Afterwards I went to the kind

matrons, and said, "Would you be so very good as to provide a lodging and hot supper and breakfast, and charge it to me, for an aged father, who will be here by ten o'clock to-night, to see a dying daughter, and let him stay by her as long as he wishes."

They listened to the story with deep interest, and with their accustomed courteous readiness to oblige and give comfort, arranged for the whole.

When I left, late that evening, Rachel was still living, and her face was calm, and more hope

was in her eyes as I spoke of Him who "was exalted as a Prince and Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins."

Early the next morning, on arriving from Beckenham, with anxious eyes I looked to the further end of the ward. A grey-haired man was sitting by a bedside, and a thin hand was clasped in his. Rachel had lived to receive her father's blessing, and to hear once more her father's prayers. They were answered. Before she died, she told us that now she believed that all the

promises of God to pardon poor sinners who asked Him for their Saviour's sake were as true as God Himself.

Later in the time of the Visitation, a woman and her four children were brought in, all seized with cholera. A little son and daughter died before her eyes within an hour; and a sweet young girl of thirteen lay apparently dying at her side, whilst a pale thin baby of five months old was still in her arms. After a few words of sympathy, she replied in a calm and solemn tone,—

“A heavy calamity has come upon me; but I cannot doubt the kindness of the One who sent it. He spared not His own Son, but gave Him up for us all.”

She spoke no more that morning, excepting after I had pleaded with the Lord to spare her young daughter, if He could see it right. With tears filling her eyes she said,—

“It *would* be a pitying mercy; but if He takes her, I will not doubt Him.”

The next day her husband was

by her side in deep anxiety about her. I said,—

“She is better to-day: thank God she is spared to you!”

“Yes,” he replied, “*thank God!* There *could* not be a better wife!”

She was very anxious that word should be sent to her Rector’s wife, that she had found great comfort and help in her “Mothers’ meetings.” And added, “Do you think it would be a liberty to send my dutiful *love* to Mr. and Mrs. Cohen? Perhaps not, as I might have died on this bed.”

God be praised, she and her

daughter and babe are recovering in one of our convalescent homes.*

A poor woman was brought in one day—too ill to speak—but her hand clasped mine with a warm response as I spoke to her of the Lord Jesus Christ. The next day her husband sat by her, weeping silently. She was in a sort of sleep. I sat down quietly by her side, and after a time she awoke with a startled gesture and look. Then recognising me, with a gentle smile, she said,—

* Blackrock House, Brighton.

“ Oh, it's the lady! I'm so glad to see you, dear. I wanted to tell you that I have long known that Saviour you have spoken to me about. He has been precious to me for years, and He will not give me up now. I could not speak because of the pain yesterday. But fresher than the ice your hands brought to my lips were the words you said about Him to my heart.”

The next day, even when her calm face was set for death, there came an answering look to the words,—

“ How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear;
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.”

I lingered by her side, remembering the words, and quoting them in a low voice to her husband and his mother,—

“ A convoy attends,
 A ministering host of invisible friends,
 Ready-winged for their flight
 To the regions of light;
 The horses are come,
 The chariots of Israel to carry thee home.”

We could well believe that those who bore Lazarus to his rest, were waiting for her; and a Presence

beyond that of created beings was felt by us all. Just then I was sent for to another less happy dying bed. Within an hour I returned. Her corner of the ward was deserted; nurses and relatives had gone back to their own places. Her bed was empty, and had been re-made for the next sufferer requiring it. The "Convoy" had carried away that child of the Royal Family of Heaven to her Home beyond the stars.

By the side of another death-bed sat a young married woman watching her father sinking with

cholera. "Oh, speak to him," she said, "I want him to be *prepared* to die."

"I *have* been speaking to him, my poor child, before you came in; he seemed to love to hear of a Saviour."

Still she said, "Oh, I want him to be *prepared*, and I do not know that he is ready for heaven; he has been a respectable man, and a Church-goer, but that is not enough, ma'am. Oh, if I *knew* he had a Saviour to lean on!"

We besought the Lord together, to "reveal His Son to him."

Then I said, "Dear friend, your loving daughter wishes to know if you believe that your sins are forgiven you for your Saviour's sake."

"That would be a strong thing to say," he replied. "*Would God I could!*"

"Do you believe on Jesus Christ as the Son of God and the Saviour of sinners?"

"*Oh, yes!*"

"Then listen to what your God says concerning you—'He that believeth on the Son of God HATH everlasting life.'"

His dim eye flashed—"It is a

glorious *hope*," he said. Then sinking down again, "But my sins are too heavy a burden for me to cross the stream with."

"Do you remember these words — 'The Lord hath laid ON HIM the iniquity of us all?'"

"I do! . . . Then they are on the Saviour, not on me. God is too fair to make *two* suffer for them."

Afterwards he listened to the story of an old, dying Scotch-woman.

"What is your hope?" asked her minister.

"*Justice*," she said, firmly.

“Justice! that is high ground for a sinner to take.”

“Yes,” she said; “but *not too high*. ‘That God might be *just*, and the *justifier* of him which believeth in Jesus.’”*

“*I see it*,” said the old man. “I see it all now! *then my sins are forgiven*, dear daughter; and Jesus is *my Saviour*.”

Her soul seemed to melt into her thankful eyes as she clasped my hands and said, “Blessed, blessed be God, *father’s safe in HIS SAVIOUR’S ARMS*.”

* Rom. iii. 26.

Are *you* safe there, O friend, who reads these records? Could you reply in the language of another of the cholera-stricken to whom it was said, "You must drop into your Saviour's arms," — "I am there already; and He will never let me go." Can *you* say in the words of Scripture, "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid?" If you cannot, do not delay beseeching Him to give you now that living faith which shall enable you "with joy to draw water out of the wells of salvation." It cannot come by faith in any

doctrine, however sound, however precious, although we are bidden “to hold fast the form of sound words.” Christianity is powerless to bestow it. It must come by pressing beyond the radius, to the living Centre of light and heat. If you are draining the well of ordinances, how sacred soever, for peace, like the woman at the well of Samaria, you must thirst again. But passing beyond it, come to Him who sits by the well, and ask for a draught of the living water. Hear Him say,—“Whoso drinketh of the water that I shall

give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up to everlasting life."

"Ask, and it SHALL be given you."

Nothing short of a living Saviour can give life to a soul "dead in trespasses and sins," or heal a sin-stricken conscience. Even if you doubt the Christianity, COME TO THE CHRIST. See how He gathers about Him all the scattered perfections of humanity, and concentrates them in His heart and life, like the rays in a burning-

glass. Behold the Man who has loved, and sorrowed, and died—who lives, and loves, and sympathises. Behold the God in the glory of His grace, who pardons, and saves, and sanctifies. Hear Him say to the palsied man with the power of a Creator, “Arise, take up thy bed and walk,” and hear Him say to the same man in the sovereignty of Deity, “Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee.”*

And “who can forgive sins but God only?”†

* Matt. ix. 2-6.

† Mark, ii. 7.

No slighter hold on Christianity than a realized union with a living Saviour will be strong and steadfast enough for the dark days drawing near. Let that hour be a lost one in your eyes, which has passed away without some recollectedness of your high and glorious calling to “fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ.”

Then with the hand of your human weakness and sinfulness placed by the hand of a Mediator—the ONE Mediator between God and man, Christ Jesus—in the

hand of your God and Father, you will fear no evil, because when you pass through the waters He will be with you. And linking your weakness to God's strength, you will become one with Omnipotence.

And you will be enabled to "confess Christ before men," that He may confess you "before His Father which is in heaven."

Christian, are *you* confessing Him, and seeking to win others to enlist in His service,—“in season, and out of season,” in every house, in every company?

It was mentioned in the press of

the day, that during the late visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Dunrobin Castle, an aged woman, who had lived all her life on the estate, walked several miles in the hope of seeing them at some public games.

She was recognized by the Commissioner who admitted her within the enclosure where the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, their Royal guests, and others of the brilliant circle, soon gathered round her. A book was shown to her which she said she could not read, as it was not in Gaelic, but she ex-

pressed a hope that it spoke of
 “repentance and salvation.” She
 “seemed a kindly old woman, and
 “was not slow to direct the atten-
 “tion of those with whom she con-
 “versed as to the state of their
 “souls, remarking that she had
 “herself ‘found Christ when she
 “‘was young.’”*

Will that old saint’s confession
 of Christ rise up in judgment
 against you and me some future
 day, not far off? Can we each
 say—if not, God grant us grace
 henceforth to be able to do so—

* *Pall Mall Gazette*, Oct. 3, 1866.

"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Is the old story our fathers loved to tell, *too* old a tale and often told, for us to venture on in our day? A gifted sceptic on his dying bed, asked earnestly for "the old Bible he had read years before with the poor and simple-hearted." And another at the present time, who had gone down from the uncertainty of enquiry to the depths of unbelief, has lately said, "My soul cannot thus live, I must come back to

the Book I believed in my early years."

Let it be "the man of our counsel" under the enlightening power of the Spirit of truth, of whom our Lord promised that He should "guide us into all truth." And He alone can keep us from being "*corrupted from the simplicity which is in Christ.*"

May that Holy Spirit be poured out upon our country once more to rouse up Protestant England to prize and defend her liberty of conscience before it be too late—before her sons become ensnared

by a ceremonial of the senses in place of the worship of God in spirit and in truth, and her daughters be enslaved to a scarcely veiled Romanism, “forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats,” instead of saying throughout a life-time, “an offering of a *free* heart will I give thee.” And could the words be true which but lately resounded throughout the land, from the voice of a Roman Catholic Archbishop — “Protestantism is dead!” Have our martyred forefathers shed their blood in vain? Has

the flame which, for three hundred years, has shone over an empire upon which the sun never sets, *failed at last?*—that flame which Latimer and Ridley lighted up with their living nerves and flesh, when they gave their bodies to be burned, and cheered each other with their strong faith in God—“Brother, Brother, we shall light up such a candle in England as by God’s grace shall never be put out!”

Then has the sun of England’s glory set, and “Ichabod” is written on her walls.

Christian! are you slumbering

at ease during the progress of her downfall? It was not so with the MASTER when He wept over Jerusalem and said, "If thou hadst known, even thou in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes."

Patriotism lay deep in the heart that yet beat with world-wide sympathies, and was even then on the point of pouring out its life-blood for the salvation of the human race. And that Saviour left us "an example, that we should follow His steps." There-

fore, "What meanest thou, O sleeper, arise and call upon thy God," and cry in warning to the country which God has honoured as long as she honoured Him, maintaining her pre-eminence whilst she maintained her Protestantism.*

Earnest Christians! to whom

* Has she not had the cup of the wrath of God held to her lips this year, although in pitying forbearance still His hand withholds from giving her so deep a draught as other nations have had to drink? Almost a free translation of inspired prophecy are the words of the "Times" leader of October 3:—"The year 1866 will be remembered for great events, some fruitful of good, some foreboding of

the truth of God is precious, and scarcely less precious your freedom to teach it to others—Protestant Christians! to whom liberty of conscience, and the uncorrupted simplicity of the worship of God, are amongst the dearest of your

evil. One empire has fallen, and another has risen on its ruins; the unity of Italy is established, the Sovereign Pontiff is warned to bid farewell to temporal power; it may be that the last struggle of Mahomedanism in Europe is at hand. Gloom has overspread the world, on account not only of political convulsions, but of natural calamities. Disease both of man and beast, unseasonable cold rains and inundations, have depressed the spirits of men, sad with the contemplation of present or future losses."

birthrights—Englishmen! who by the nobleness of the nature God has given you, love the daylight of true English Institutions, without veil, or vow, or mystery—awake to the danger of your religion and your country with the resolve of “NO SURRENDER to Rome!”

If ever the saying were true, it is true for each one of you now, “NEUTRALITY IS TREASON,”—treason against the honour of your God—treason against the liberties of your land. When your generation has passed away from it, let it be said of you,—

“They have left unstained what there they found,

Freedom to worship God.”

But “let all our doings be done with charity.” It is principles, not persons, that we oppose. Fervent Christians and faithful Protestants should be as loving as they are loyal. Whilst “earnestly contending for the faith once delivered to the saints,” let us be very tender to those who have not yet discovered that they are straining every nerve for the destruction of their country by breaking down barrier after barrier

between her and the mystic Babylon.* For concerning that Babylon the Divine voice has said, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partaker of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

And that Voice, we love to believe, will shortly be heard and obeyed by all the Lord's hidden ones still lingering in the Church of Rome.

* *See Appendix.*

"AVOID ALL THAT SYMBOLISES WITH ROME," was one of the last charges of my saintly father to those who gathered around his dying bed, to learn wisdom from the lips of one who was waiting at the gate of heaven.

Above all efforts, our strength lies in mighty prayer. "Luther's psalm" is ours still,—“God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. *Therefore*, will we not not fear, though the earth be removed, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.” The fact remains, “The Lord sitteth upon the waterfloods, the Lord sitteth King for ever.”

And the promise holds good still, “When the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord will lift up a standard against him.”

But He honours human hands

by permitting them to unfurl it in the sight of men and angels.

“Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be *displayed* because of Thy truth.”

Let us hold up that banner, by His grace, until our dying hands fail in their grasp, remembering the prize, “Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life;” or, until it may be at the moment that the war-storm is fiercest, and the tide of the battle has turned against us, we hear the cry made, “Behold, He cometh with clouds!” “And the Lord

Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God, when He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe."

"Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear !
 Thou glorious Star of day !
 Shine forth and chase the dreary night,
 With all our tears, away.

"Strangers on earth, we wait for Thee ;
 Oh, leave the Father's throne,
 Come with a shout of victory, Lord,
 And claim us as thine own !

"Oh, bid the bright archangel now
 The trump of God prepare,
 To call Thy saints—the quick—the dead,
 To meet Thee in the air.

“No resting-place we seek on earth,
 No loveliness we see ;
 Our eye is on the royal crown,
 Prepared for us and thee.

“But, dearest Lord ! however bright
 That crown of joy above,
 What is it to the *brighter* hope
 Of dwelling in Thy love !

“What to the joy, the *deeper* joy,
 Unmingled, pure, and free,
 Of union with our living Head,
 Of fellowship with Thee ?

“This joy e’en now on earth is ours,
 But only, Lord, above,
 Our hearts without a pang shall know
 The fulness of Thy love.

“There, near Thy heart, upon the throne
 Thy ransom’d Bride shall see
 What grace was in the bleeding Lamb,
 Who died to make her free.”

BECKENHAM RECTORY,

October 6th, 1866.

APPENDIX.

THE numerous and able writers who have thoroughly studied the subject are able to prove, almost to a demonstration, the actual identity of Rome with the mystical Babylon of Holy Scripture.

Amongst these writers we may mention,—

Irenæus, A.D. 200.

Tertullian.

Victorinus, Bishop and Martyr in the third century: the writer of the earliest extant Commentary on the Apocalypse.

Andreas and *Arethas*, two Bishops of Capadocia; the former of whom expounded the Apocalypse in the sixth century.

Cassiodorus, first a Senator of Rome, and then an Ecclesiastic.

Primasius, Bishop of Adrimetum, Africa, in the sixth century.

Cardinal <i>Bellarmino</i>	} Learned Divines of Papal Rome.
Cardinal <i>Baronius</i>	
The Prelate <i>Bossuet</i>	

From the close of the sixth century, up to the present day, can be traced a succession of witnesses to the fact that Papal Rome had identified herself with the Babylon of the Apocalypse; amongst whom we may mention,—

The celebrated *Peter of Blois*.

Joachim of Calabria.

Peter Olivi.

Marsalius of Padua.

Dante.

Petrarch.*

And the Waldensian Church.

* “Well-spring of misery, abode of wrath,
Temple of heresy and school of errors,

And in our own Church,—

Archbishop *Cranmer*.

Bishops *Ridley*, and *Jewel*, and *Butler*.

The Authors of the Homilies.

The Venerable Bede.

The Judicious Hooker.

Bishop Andrewes.

Bishop Newton.

Rev. Canon Wordsworth.

Isaac Casaubon.

Sir Isaac Newton.

Rev. Edward Elliott.

Rev. S. Garratt.

“Once Rome, now Babylon, faithless and fell,
Through whom men weep so sore and groan
so deep.

O forge of frauds, O dreadful prison-house,
Where dies all good, where evil is born and
bred,

Thou hell on earth! a marvel huge ’twould
be,

If Christ at last pour not His wrath on thee.”

PETRARCH.

Rev. Charles Goodhart.

Rev. A. Hislop.

The Author of "Armageddon."

Also Dr. Cumming, of the Church of Scotland; and many others.

Dr. Wordsworth, in his book on "Babylon in the Apocalypse," mentions that our late beloved and revered Primate thus expressed his opinion:—"As long as the Seven Hills of Rome are standing, so long will it be clear to all who reflect, that the Church of Rome is the Babylon of St. John."

In allusion to the prophecy of the destruction of Babylon, and the ascription of praise in Heaven concerning it, in the eighteenth and nineteenth chapters of Revelations, another writer* says:—"That catastrophe will bring

* Mr. Gill on "The Papal Drama."

gladness to faithful souls, mainly because it will hasten the glorious consummation. The fall of an evil power yields a delight fitly felt, and divinely inspired; but ere long to be swallowed up in a nobler and diviner joy, as the heavenly King draws near to set up His universal and everlasting monarchy. All these mighty events and terrible revolutions will issue in the full vindication of His righteousness, and the full manifestation of His glory. Fallen, fallen, is Babylon the great; is a sacred and thankful strain wherein saints and angels may meetly join; yet it forms but a faint and humble prelude to strains still more heavenly, and will be lost in the fuller triumph and supreme harmony of that divinest song,—“HALLELUJAH, FOR THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH THE KINGDOMS OF THIS WORLD ARE BECOME THE KINGDOMS OF OUR LORD AND OF HIS CHRIST, AND HE SHALL REIGN FOR EVER AND EVER.”

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